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[GRATIS.]

Literature.

(Continued.)

"TOOLS AND THE MAN"—THE MODERN EPIC.*

In reviewing the material progress of our country in modern times, we are naturally inclined to fix attention chiefly on those great inventors and constructors whose works stand out before the eyes of all men with appreciable significance to the prosperity, wealth, and power of the nation. We readily overlook the seemingly less brilliant men, who have occupied themselves chiefly with the improvement of materials and the development of their uses, and with the production of the tools on which the constructions of others have depended for their execution. In the idea and plan and working of a steam-engine the ordinary spectator sees not all that has gone to its manufacture with such precision as to ensure its going; nor how the invention itself has become practical by the labours of almost unknown men who have improved on the clumsy castings and "villanous bad workmanship" of which Watt had so often to complain—when cylinders were almost fair if cast only "an eighth" of an inch wider at one end than the other, and when pistons could be kept steam-tight only by "stuffing with paper, cork, putty, and old 'hate.'" The triumphs of mechanical engineering are due in great measure to the superior excellence of material and to the perfection of the tools with which the work is executed. The greatest possible accuracy is attained, and "an exactitude can be calculated on that does not admit of a deviation beyond a thousandth of an inch." It is said that "the powerful oscillating engines of the Warrior, consisting of some 5,000 pieces, were brought from the different workshops of Messrs. Penn and Sons, where they had been made by workmen who knew not the places they were to occupy, and that they fitted together with such precision that so soon as the steam was raised and let into the cylinders, the immense machine began 'as if to breathe, and move like a living creature.'" The men who have brought tools to this wonderful perfectness of performance were not less distinguished by creative talent than those who have linked their names to the steam-engine, the railway, and the telegraph. There is something akin to genius in their "quick perception and accurate observation, in their seeing 'and foreseeing the effects of certain mechanical combinations'; and indeed, some of them were so prolific in suggestion, that they anticipated the general progress of scientific engineering, and are entitled to stand well within the brightness of its fame.

Mr. Smiles, the author of the "Lives of the Engineers," that everybody has read, has published a new book, not less interesting or instructive than his former volumes, which enters on the field we have indicated. It is not surprising to hear him say, that, in preparing his former work, he frequently came across the track of celebrated inventors, mechanics, and iron-workers, whose labours seemed to deserve to be traced out and recorded, as they had manifest claims to be classed with the founders of the modern industry of Britain. He has called his book, "Industrial Biography"; but its secondary title is more characteristic, "Iron Workers and Tool Makers." He has placed one of Mr. Carlyle's pithy and peculiar sayings on his title-page—from which we also take the heading of this notice of the work:—"The true Epic of our time is, not *Arms and the Man*, but *Tools and the Man*,—an infinitely wider kind of Epic." And something of an epic character the contents of this volume certainly have; and they leave a whole and definite impression of the character

and progress of mechanical advancement, in which the details all fall into due place and subordination. They form a section of the history of English civilisation which no one had hitherto attempted to write completely,—and for which indeed so little had been done, even in parts, that Mr. Smiles has drawn any considerable portion of his materials only in two instances from books, and more generally from MS. sources, from the private records of firms, and from the information supplied by persons who intimately knew the inventors recently lost to us. The book has the attraction of entire novelty; and Mr. Smiles has placed not only his present gratified readers, but all future students of our industrial history, under incalculable obligations by rescuing from the oblivion into which, as he says, they must soon have sunk, so valuable and interesting a body of facts, which existed only in the memories of a few eminent men now one by one passing away. To them, too, we all owe much for the encouragement they have given to the author, in making it possible for him to arrest and fix the important matters here set down.

Mr. Smiles's work gains a completeness for those who are but little read, by an introductory chapter on "Iron and Civilisation," and another in the body of the work on "Inventions and Inventors, or Tools and Civilisation." These chapters may be regarded as dividing the book into two parts—the iron-workers and the tool-makers. If they seem to some cultivated readers a little too general, deriving themselves from a propensity to begin at the beginning and cover the whole ground, and so make a full book, they will yet commend themselves by their serviceableness to the mass of readers, and as containing nothing but what is useful, interesting, and carefully put together. A detailed account of each division of the work is plainly impossible; for each contains a series of biographical sketches, themselves as much condensed as the facts admit of; and, seeing incidents of the outward life and records of invention only are given, and that there is no delineation of personal character, there is little room for critical dissertation on the contents. After a review of the beginnings of the iron manufacture in Britain, in Roman and Anglo-Saxon times, and its decline from the reign of Elizabeth to the middle of the seventeenth century, Mr. Smiles commences his biographical sketches with Dad Dudley. He was a natural son of Lord Dudley, born in 1599; and was the first who attempted to smelt iron with pit coal instead of charcoal, and thereby to save the forests, against the destruction of which for smelting purposes great opposition had again and again arisen. The story of this remarkable man, almost unknown, is gathered from his treatise, entitled, "Metalium Martia," and from the various petitions presented by him to the King, and still preserved in the State Paper Office. Having used pit-coal with success, he took out a patent for his process; but just when prosperity seemed at hand, all his works were destroyed by a flood, long after known as the "great May-day flood." When, with his wonted energy, he had repaired his furnaces and forges at great cost, the charcoal-smelting ironmasters raised an outcry against him, which succeeded so far as to occasion his removal from place to place, his having to resist worrying lawsuits, and finally to see all the results of his ingenuity and persevering industry laid in ruins by a mob of rioters. Overwhelmed by debts produced by the destruction of his property, he was some time a prisoner in London, until the King, sympathising perhaps with the unfortunate but resolute inventor, granted him a renewal of his patent. Scarcely was it secured, however, when the civil war broke out; and Dudley, naturally incapable of any sort of neutrality, took the Royal side with his father. He abandoned ironworks, and joined himself to the fortunes of the King, serving him in the field, and as military engineer, and eventually rising to be a general of artillery. Taken prisoner by the Parliamentarians, and kept under close

guard, he yet succeeded with others in making his escape; only, however, to be retaken, and sentenced to be forthwith shot. Fortunately for iron and civilisation, he again, with eleven companions, succeeded in escaping by overpowering their gaolers, on the very day before their intended execution; and, having received a hurt in doing so, the artillery-general had to tramp it on crutches, through Worcester, Tewkesbury, and Gloucester, to Bristol. He lived in poverty and privacy until the Restoration; when he emerged from obscurity, and was appointed to the office of sergeant-at-arms, formerly held by him; and appears, under a new patent, to have obtained means of prosecuting his invention. He reaped none of its fruits; others secured the benefit of it; and he died in obscurity at St. Helen's in 1684, in the eighty-fifth year of his age.

Mr. Smiles's second name is better known—Andrew Yarranton. He was a linendraper's apprentice; but joined the Parliamentary army, in which he served till Cromwell assumed control, and then retired to industrial pursuits. He was a man far before his age. His books still live to show how sagacious and large were his views; and we are even now reaping the fruits of seed sown by him. He was a true, though he has been a forgotten, patriot; of whom Bishop Watson said, that he ought to have a statue erected to his memory; while Mr. Dove justly remarks, that he was "the founder of English political economy, the first man in England who saw and said that peace was 'better than war, that trade was better than plunder, that honest industry was better than martial greatness, and that the best occupation of Government was to secure prosperity at home, and let other nations alone.'" After the Restoration, he became the victim of Royalist revenge, and lay in prison two years on a charge of conspiracy. He then engaged in iron-manufacture, and invented the process of tinning iron-plates; projected canals; taught the rotation of crops in agriculture, and introduced clover-seed; surveyed and planned docks for London, a hundred and fifty years before the shipping interest could be brought to see their value; and gave the first impulse both to the establishment of the linen manufacture and to the improvement of British fisheries. This is nothing like all that Yarranton schemed; and that not for himself, but for England. Mr. Smiles quotes Mr. Dove as saying of Yarranton's remarkable book—"England's Improvement by 'Sea and Land'—that it 'chalks out the future course of Britain with as free a hand as if second sight had revealed to him 'those expansions of her industrial career which 'never fail to surprise us, even when we behold 'them realised.'"

Mr. Smiles then introduces us to the Darbys and Reynoldses, the founders of the Coalbrookdale Iron Works, to Benjamin Huntsman, the inventor of cast-steel (whose lineal representative has furnished the facts of his life),—to Henry Cort, the real founder of our iron aristocracy, whose inventions, in the opinion of Mr. Fairbairn, have added six hundred millions to the wealth of the kingdom, and have employed six hundred thousand working men during three generations, but who died unrewarded, and left his children to depend on a meagre pittance "wringing by 'repeated expostulation and entreaty from the 'State.'" These we pass by; and for a moment, fix on the unknown name of Dr. Roebuck, a great public benefactor whom Mr. Smiles probably has placed at last on the popular roll of famous, though unsuccessful, men. He was a physician, accustomed to investigations in metallurgy; removed from Birmingham to Scotland, where he founded the Preston-pans Chemical Works; invented the process of refining iron in a pit-coal fire, and established the celebrated Carron Works; embarked in coal-mining, and, needing pumping-engines, became acquainted with James Watt, and ultimately his partner in the steam-engine patent:—but this benefactor of his country was

* *Industrial Biography: Iron Workers and Tool Makers.* By SAMUEL SMILES, author of "Lives of the Engineers." (London: John Murray.)

also involved by the very greatness of his schemes in difficulties, and died a ruined man. Again we pass by Richard Crawshaw, the "Iron King"; David Mushet, the discoverer of the Black Band, which has so greatly enriched the Scottish iron manufacturer; and with James Neilson, the inventor of the hot-blast, that invaluable discovery which has had so extraordinary an effect on the development of iron, we reach the close of what we separate to ourselves as the first division of the work.

The second commences with the chapter on Inventions, to which we have already briefly alluded; and we here make an extract on the anticipation of inventions and on old inventions revived.

"Steam-locomotion, by sea and land, had long been dreamt of and attempted. Blasco de Garay made his experiment in the harbour of Barcelona as early as 1543; Denis Papin made a similar attempt at Cassel in 1707; but it was not until Watt had solved the problem of the steam-engine that the idea of the steam-boat could be developed in practice, which was done by Miller of Dalswinton in 1783. Sages and poets have frequently foreshadowed inventions of great social moment. Thus Dr. Darwin's anticipation of the locomotive, in his 'Botanic Garden,' published in 1791, before any locomotive had been invented, might also be regarded as prophetic:—

'Soon shall thy arm, unconquered Steam! afar
Drag the slow barge, and drive the rapid car.'

Denis Papin first threw out the idea of atmospheric locomotion; and Gauthier, another Frenchman, in 1782 projected a method of conveying parcels and merchandise by subterranean tubes, after the method recently patented and brought into operation by the London Pneumatic Despatch Company. The balloon was an ancient Italian invention, revived by Montgolfier long after the original had been forgotten. Even the reaping-machine is an old invention revived. Thus Barnabe Googe, the translator of a book from the German entitled 'The whole Art and Trade of Husbandry,' published in 1577, in the reign of Elizabeth, speaks of the reaping-machine as a worn-out invention—a thing 'which was wont to be used in France. The device was a low kind of car with a couple of wheels, and the front armed with sharp sickles, which, forced by the beasts throughout the corn, did cut down all before it. This trike,' says Googe, 'might be used in level and champion countries; but with us it would make but ill-favoured work.' The Thames Tunnel was thought an entirely new manifestation of engineering genius; but the tunnel under the Euphrates at ancient Babylon, and that under the wide mouth of the harbour at Marseilles (a much more difficult work), show that the ancients were before us in the art of tunnelling. Macadamized roads are as old as the Roman empire; and suspension bridges, though comparatively new in Europe, have been known in China for centuries.

"Coal-gas was regularly used by the Chinese for lighting purposes long before it was known amongst us. Hydropathy was generally practised by the Romans, who established baths wherever they went. Even chloroform is no new thing. The use of ether as an anæsthetic was known to Albertus Magnus, who flourished in the thirteenth century; and in his work he gives a recipe for its preparation. In 1681 Denis Papin publishes his *Traité des Opérations sans Douleur*, showing that he had discovered methods of deadening pain. But the use of anæsthetics is much older than Albertus Magnus or Papin; for the ancients had their nepenthe and mandragora: the Chinese their mayo, and the Egyptians their haschich (both preparations of *Cannabis Indica*), the effects of which in a great measure resemble those of chloroform. What is perhaps still more surprising is the circumstance that one of the most elegant of recent inventions, that of sun-painting by the daguerrotype, was in the fifteenth century known to Leonardo da Vinci, whose skill as an architect and engraver, and whose accomplishments as a chemist and natural philosopher, have been almost entirely overshadowed by his genius as a painter. The idea, thus early born, lay in oblivion until 1760, when the daguerrotype was again clearly indicated in a book published in Paris, written by a certain Tiphanie de la Roche, under the anagrammatic title of 'Giphantie.' Still later, at the beginning of the present century, we find Josiah Wedgwood, Sir Humphry Davy, and James Watt, making experiments on the action of light upon nitrate of silver; and only within the last few months a silvered copper-plate has been found amongst the old household lumber of Matthew Boulton (Watt's partner), having on it a representation of the old premises at Soho, apparently taken by some such process.

"In like manner the invention of the electric telegraph, supposed to be exclusively modern, was clearly indicated by Schweitzer in his *Développemens Physico-Mathématiques*, published in 1636; and he there pointed out how two individuals could communicate with each other by means of the magnetic needle. A century later, in 1746, Le Monnier exhibited a series of experiments in the Royal Gardens at Paris, showing how electricity could be transmitted through iron wire 950 fathoms in length; and in 1753 we find one Charles Marshall publishing a remarkable description of the electric telegraph in the *Scots Magazine*, under the title of 'An Expeditious Method of conveying intelligence.' Again, in 1760, we find George Louis Lesage, professor of mathematics at Geneva, promulgating his invention of an electric telegraph, which he eventually completed and set to work in 1774. This instrument was composed of twenty-four metallic wires, separate from each other and enclosed in a non-conducting substance. Each wire ended in a stalk mounted with a little ball of elder-wood suspended by a silk thread. When a stream of electricity, no matter how slight, was sent through the wire, the elder-ball at the opposite end was repelled, such movement designating some letter of the alphabet. A few years later we find Arthur Young, in his 'Travels in France,' describing a similar machine invented by a M. Lomond of Paris, the action of which he also describes. In these and similar cases, though the idea was born and the model of the invention was actually made, it still waited the advent of the scientific mechanical inventor

who would bring it to perfection, and embody it in a practical working form."

It is in this part of his work that Mr. Smiles has written directly from original sources; and has obtained for us reliable outlines of the discoveries and achievements of the men who have laid the foundations of our supremacy in all departments of industry employing elaborate machinery. First, we have a memoir of Joseph Bramah, the founder of a school, chiefly through the person of Henry Maudslay, from which some of our most eminent mechanics have proceeded. Then, the materials for the life of Maudslay have been supplied by the lately-deceased Mr. Joshua Field, F.R.S., his partner, and by his celebrated pupil, Mr. Nasmyth. Joseph Clement Fox of Derby, Murray of Leeds, and Roberts of Manchester, worthily follow,—one a slater, who rises to make Babbage's calculating machine,—another a butler, who invented the machine for planing metals,—another a blacksmith, who made the first working locomotive for Mr. Blenkinsop, and invented the "heckling"-machine, so highly important to the improvement of flax-spinning,—the other a quarryman, who invented the self-acting mule, and the Jacquard punching-machine, who improved the locomotive, turret-clocks, electromagnets, and the propelling and equipment of steam-ships. One is glad to have biographical particulars of such eminent contemporaries as James Nasmyth and William Fairbairn; but the time has not come for their full memoirs, and an estimate of their labours. Mr. Nasmyth supplied to his friend, Mr. Hicks, C.E., some autobiographical matter for a lecture delivered by him, and has corrected the same for this work. Mr. Fairbairn's life is written by Mr. Smiles with more of the usual detail of biography than any other in the volume,—perhaps even with more private story than one cares for in the case of a living man of whom one may not freely speak. We shall, however, give some anecdotes of his youth,—premising that he was born in humble life, had to make his own way, and, when an apprentice at Percy Main Colliery, knew George Stephenson as the brakeman at Willington—so strangely often do great lives touch upon one another. Having with a companion made his first journey to London in search of employment, they found themselves shut out by the arbitrary rules of trades' unions.

"Their first application for leave to work in London having thus disastrously ended, the two youths determined to try their fortune in the country, and with aching hearts they started next morning before daylight. Their hopes had been suddenly crushed, their slender funds were nearly exhausted, and they scarce knew where to turn. But they set their faces bravely northward, and pushed along the high road through slush and snow, as far as Hertford, which they reached after nearly eight hours' walking, on the moderate fare during their journey of a penny roll and a pint of ale each. Though wet to the skin, they immediately sought out a master millwright, and applied for work. He said he had no job vacant at present; but seeing their sorry plight he had compassion upon them, and said, 'Though I cannot give you employment, you seem to be two nice lads'; and he concluded by offering Fairbairn a half-crown. But his proud spirit revolted at taking money which he had not earned; and he declined the proffered gift with thanks, saying he was sorry they could not have work. He then turned away from the door, on which his companion, mortified by his refusal to accept the half-crown at a time when they were reduced to almost their last penny, broke out in bitter remonstrances and regrets. Weary, wet, and disheartened, the two turned into Hertford churchyard, and rested for a while upon a tombstone, Fairbairn's companion relieving himself by a good cry, and occasionally angry outbursts of 'Why didn't you take the half-crown?' 'Come, come, man,' said Fairbairn, 'it's of no use crying; cheer up; let's try another road; something must soon cast up.' They rose and set out again, but when they reached the bridge the dispirited youth again broke down; and leaning his back against the parapet, said, 'I wanna gang a bit further; let's get back to London.' Against this Fairbairn remonstrated, saying, 'It's of no use lamenting; we must try what we can do here; if the worst comes to the worst, we can 'list; you are a strong chap—they'll soon take you; and as for me, I'll join too; I think I could fight a bit.' After this council of war, the pair determined to find lodgings in the town for the night, and begin their search for work anew on the morrow.

"Next day, when passing along one of the back streets of Hertford, they came to a wheelwright's shop, where they made the usual inquiries. The wheelwright said that he did not think there was any job to be had in the town; but if the two young men pushed on to Cheshunt, he thought they might find work at a windmill which was under contract to be finished in three weeks, and where the millwright wanted hands. Here was a glimpse of hope at last; and the strength and spirits of both revived in an instant. They set out immediately; walked the seven miles to Cheshunt; succeeded in obtaining the expected employment; worked at the job a fortnight; and entered London again with nearly three pounds in their pockets.

"Our young millwright at length succeeded in obtaining regular employment in the metropolis at good wages. He worked first at Grundy's Patent Ropery at Shadwell, and afterwards at Mr. Penn's, of Greenwich, gaining much valuable insight, and sedulously improving his mind by study in his leisure hours. Among the acquaintances he then made was an enthusiastic projector of the name of Hall, who had taken out one patent for taking hemp from bean-stalks, and contemplated taking out another for effecting spade tillage by steam. The young engineer was invited to make the requisite model, which he did, and it cost him both time

and money, which the out-at-elbows projector was unable to repay; and all that came of the project was the exhibition of the model at the Society of Arts, and before the Board of Agriculture, in whose collection it is probably still to be found. Another more successful machine constructed by Mr. Fairbairn about the same time was a sausage-chopping machine, which he contrived and made for a pork-butcher for 33*l*. It was the first order he had ever had on his own account; and as the machine when made did its work admirably, he was naturally very proud of it. The machine was provided with a fly-wheel and double crank, with connecting rods which worked a cross head. It contained a dozen knives crossing each other at right angles in such a way as to enable them to mince or divide the meat on a revolving block. Another part of the apparatus accomplished the filling of the sausages in a very expert manner, and to the entire satisfaction of the pork-butcher."

We may now safely leave Mr. Smiles' work to the curiosity and good will of our readers, with undoubting expectation that they will approve it, not only as the narrative of personal achievements of ingenuity, skill, energy, and perseverance, but as the worthy record of the great industrial advance made by this country during the last half-century.

GIFT BOOKS FOR THE SEASON.

There are some gift-books, as we all very well know, that are nothing more, and are intended to be no more, than bits of exceeding prettiness—pleasing, novel, fitted to the decoration of the table, but without either literary character or real artistic excellence. Not such as these are the books that we are about to introduce as some of the choicest prepared for the present Christmas and New Year's season. Apart from the beauty of their illustrations, and the attractions of the most perfect typography and elegant binding, they are books to be read, to be preserved, and to be turned to again and again. But, of course, their special delightfulness and fitness to their end will be found in their true and satisfying illustration, by the arts of photography or engraving, of the literary contents. And it has not often been possible for us to speak with such strong commendation of the equal worthiness of the literature and art combined in gift-books, as we may of several now lying before us.

First, Mr. Bennett gives us "Our English Lakes, Mountains, and Waterfalls," in a series of exquisite photographs by Mr. Ogle, accompanied by a selection of passages from Wordsworth, descriptive of the scenes he loved best in his native region. The poetical pages have been selected by one familiar with the poet's writings; and embrace extracts from his longer poems, as well as shorter pieces complete, and they are so arranged as to bring together all those relating to particular localities; so that the reader gathers up all Wordsworth's ever-truthful delineation of the successive scenes, and is enabled to identify spots he himself may know and love by the verses with which the poet has distinguished them. We are glad to have such a goodly body of Wordsworth's verse thus placed side by side with the scenes to which it belongs,—a plan which we ourselves insisted on when reviewing, some months ago, the charming photographic illustrations of "The Lady of the Lake," which had no such poetic companion, and lost something of interest by obliging one to turn backwards and forwards to the pages of Scott. Of Mr. Ogle's photographs in this volume we can hardly say more than that they present us with all that photography is capable of in the interpretation of nature. The art has its limitations, and is never perfectly true or perfectly pleasing in its renderings of landscape. Our surprise is that Mr. Ogle has accomplished so much. Two, indeed, we must pronounce unsatisfactory,—Windermere and Derwentwater,—which require intimate knowledge of the scenes to enable one to read in the photograph anything of their surpassing fairness. The water—always a difficulty to photography—lies an unmeaning patch of dead white in these photographs; and the hills are too partially included to give a just impression of the real scene to a mind that has not beheld it. Grasmere is better represented, but does not content us. The best general view is Rydal Water,—very happy in the selected point of view, perfect in detail, and pleasing in tone. Wordsworth's House from below the terrace steps, is perfect,—coming more within the range of photographic art. In Blea Tarn, it is comparatively easy to realise the

"lowly vale, and yet uplifted high
Among the mountains;"

—not exactly

"A quiet, treeless nook, with two green fields
And one bare dwelling;"

—but still justifying the poet's praise:

"full many a spot

Of hidden beauty have I chanced to spy
Among the mountains; never one like this;
So lonesome and so perfectly secure;
Not melancholy—no, for it is green,
And bright, and fertile.

—In rugged arms how soft it seems to lie,
How tenderly protected!"

Duncheon Ghyll is another very perfect photograph. The rocks, the hazels, the briars, the ferns, are rendered with minutest delicacy, while the general effect is bold and clear. One can look into the chasm down which the

* *Our English Lakes, Mountains, and Waterfalls*, as seen by William Wordsworth, Photographically Illustrated. London: A. W. Bennett.

stream comes—and which has none of the black blankness with which such shaded hollows usually come out on the colliedon,—and on the sides of the rocks one seems to see the ferns pulsating in the little torrent's spray. Similarly excellent in all detail is the Upper Hall at Rydal; and the charming Aira Force, which they

"who pass by Syulph's Tower,
At eve,"

hear, with soft musical murmur,

"Speak from the woolly glen."

Honister Crag is quite a study of crags for a painter; but the impression of its grandeur is wanting somewhat,—perhaps a few living figures on the road would have brought out what we miss, by suggesting contrasts. The volume appropriately closes with Wordsworth's Grave—the plain, upright slab that bears an immortal name, and no more—with Dora's grave at her father's side, and, just appearing over the corner of the Wordsworth slab, the headstone to poor Hartley Coleridge. That corner of the churchyard in Grasmere Vale, with the babbling little river running by (the banks now barbarously walled to prevent encroachment), has enchained us many an hour, and always seems a fitting place for those solemn questionings and trustful hopes which are uttered in the Ode on Immortality, placed in this volume by the side of the poet's mortal resting-place. So much of Wordsworth's best poetry is thus grouped around the pictures of this volume, that it cannot but be one of the most acceptable gift-books to those of cultivated taste.

From the same publisher we receive a second series of "Ruined Abbeys and Castles,"* with photographic illustrations, and literary matter by Mr. Howitt. Like the former, it is a truly splendid book; and one that has a permanent value. Mr. Howitt has compiled the histories of the ruined abbeys and castles pictured carefully and pleasantly; working into his narrative the traditions and anecdotes of persons that give to each spot its peculiar interest, and that will raise the mind of the visitor whom he may guide to them above vague sight-seeing or mere antiquarian curiosity, to an intelligent converse with the events and people of long bygone days, and occasion a thrill of feeling under the various associations that contrast with their present silence and decay. His descriptions of their present condition, when drawn from personal observation, are truthful and picturesque. In introducing something of the incident of his own visits, here and there, he descends to trivialities that add nothing to the reader's pleasure; as, for instance, on the complaints against the Dryburgh maiden who showed the abbey, and the remarks on the character of Coxwold people—whom he turned aside to see on his visit to Byland Abbey, and who were likely enough, for all that Lawrence Sterne did or could do for them as their pastor, to be then, as now, both ignorant and boorish. Mr. Howitt seems to have expected that a pure atmosphere of genial feeling should have bathed the place and people for successive generations, where the author of "Tristram Shandy" preached, and some of his pathetic incidents were written: and he records, as an illustration that a prophet has no honour in his own country, and that his teachings are there thrown away, the astounding fact, that Coxwold has a doctor whom Mr. Howitt thought vulgar and rude, and that the landlady of the inn thought Sterne's romping daughter, who could ride with her face to her horse's tail, cleverer than her father! It is pleasant far to bear Mr. Howitt company when he is in the domain of history: but here his opinions are not to be taken on trust, when they are of the nature of remote inference. His character of Queen Elizabeth is about the blackest painted yet: and if the "corrupt writers of her time" indulged in "extravagant eulogies," the incorrupt critic of our own time is not less extravagant in defamations. Turning to the photographs of these castles and abbeys, we are first struck with Mr. Thompson's large frontispiece of Kenilworth,—a delicious picture, in which the water is, for once in a photograph, perfectly rendered. His views of the Banqueting Hall and Mervyn's Tower are also admirable; those of Netley Abbey quite successful in giving a conception of its uncommon beauty; those of gateways at Jedburgh as delicate and clear as the best photographs of isolated objects, especially such as are architectural, are capable of being: but his Dryburgh does not satisfy us as to the aspect chosen, or the rendering itself. Mr. Sedgfield's Carnarvon Castle, Herstmonceux Castle, and West front of Crayland Abbey are very fine, particularly the latter. Mr. Ogle, so successful elsewhere, has two of the least attractive views here;—that of Whitby Abbey being very ill-chosen (as we think from our own remembrances of the ruin), and being, in fact, a view of the iron gate leading to the abbey grounds and of the church beyond, as seen through a ruined doorway of the abbey, which forms a sort of frame to the little view. Dr. Hemphill supplies [photographs of the Irish ruins at Cashel, Holy Cross, and Cahir Castle—that of Holy Cross Abbey being almost as delightful as Mr. Thompson's Kenilworth. The two just named are those alone which exceed the ordinary stereoscopic size. The cloth binding is very ornamental, with the feature of a photograph vignette inserted on each cover.

* *Ruined Abbeys and Castles of Great Britain and Ireland.* By WILLIAM HOWITT. With Photographic Illustrations by Thompson, Sedgfield, Ogle, and Hemphill. Second Series. London: A. W. Bennett.

And now we come to a book which has that high value as a product of intellect, knowledge, feeling for art, and spiritual piety, that we have hesitated to include it in this notice as a gift-book for the season; yet have decided at last to do so, because its illustrations and its elegance give it that character, while it yet is so much more. The "Exposition of the Cartoons of Raphael," published two years ago, by the Rev. Richard Henry Smith, made him known as a writer having remarkable power of interpreting the purpose and feeling of a great painter; and of drawing from the pictures of such a painter having sacred subjects the fulness and force of their holy suggestion. He now gives us a companion volume, "Expositions of Great Pictures,"* illustrated, like the former work, with photographs. It is unnecessary again to dwell on the peculiar qualities of Mr. Smith's expositions, as proceeding from devotion to art, including both long and loving studies and much personal practice, and from pure and intense religious purpose. The strength and beauty of his first book are not wanting to the second. The subjects of the present volume are Raphael's Madonna della Seggiola and Transfiguration,—Sebastian del Piombo's Resurrection of Lazarus,—Leonardo's Last Supper,—Correggio's "Ecce Homo,"—the Descent from the Cross by Rubens and by Volterra,—and Caracci's "Three Marys." To Raphael the author comes with his old reverent affection,—he knows the meaning of every detail of the picture, and its helpfulness to the general truth to be expressed,—and he finds the painter deeper than any other in spiritual apprehension of the Scripture. Sebastian's "Resurrection of Lazarus" is denied to be "great"; but must be included with the great, for its reputation's and history's sake. Mr. Smith points out the faults of the conception of the picture, and the failure in expression. Sebastian, "though an excellent colourist, was, after all, 'only a portrait painter': and when the spectator looks from the figure of Lazarus, attributed with so much evidence of truth to Michael Angelo, there is little in this picture to impress or instruct him. The figures of Martha and Mary are commended, and we think justly; they have more of *idea*, and more of natural truth to the incident and to their individual character, than any others. We know nothing better on the very popular 'Last Supper' than Mr. Smith's chapter: and we never thought so highly of it, as now that he has compelled us to leave no part unstudied, and to be satisfied with nothing less than the essential thoughts it embodies. The 'Ecce Homo' permits the author to dwell in choice words on 'the purity and pathos of the master, and the perfectness of his taste.' He then uses the picture for the deepening of our mental conception of the scene and moment of the presentation of our Lord to the people by Pilate. There is real service done to the education of popular taste in the contrast here managed of the 'Descent from the Cross' of Rubens and that of Volterra, which Rubens is supposed to have plagiarised to some extent. Truly, Rubens never stirs us by his Scripture subjects,—often revolts us by his earthliness: but Volterra here at least is grand in conception, and displays 'singleness of heart.' Caracci's picture is the opportunity for some thoughtful remarks on sacred subjects as they appeal to the feeling of Catholic devotion, and as they appear in the light of Protestant Christianity; and spiritual truths are made to arise out of the contemplation of our Lord's Burial, notwithstanding that, for the 'Three Marys' thereat, there is no Scripture warrant. Our own feeling as to Caracci's picture has always been that it is vulgar, though very powerful. Mr. Smith hardly persuades us to think better of it; for while insisting on what he considers great merits of conception and treatment, he admits its want of refinement. The more general remarks on Caracci will be useful to the appreciation of his works by those not learned in the history of art. The photographs of these pictures are of the highest perfectness. That they seem so much more brilliant than those of the cartoons, is due to the fact that they are taken from prints, not from the originals, and thus have not had the difficulty of colour to contend with. But they are from early and rare prints, which perhaps better represent the originals than they themselves in their present condition. Those of the Madonna and the Last Supper are very exquisite; that of Correggio's 'Ecce Homo' less excellent in tone than others. The book is one of perpetual interest, and belongs truly to literature—not to the crowd of mere publications. It is artistically and religiously instructive; always pleasant and refreshing to read; and satisfyingly beautiful to look upon.

We are led by its unusually abundant and beautiful illustrations to separate from gift-books for the young awaiting notice, a new edition of Mrs. Barbauld's "Hymns in Prose."† We do not think very highly of the work itself; it seems to us affected in its simplicity and stilted in its loftier passages. Its praiseworthy aim, to raise the young mind to the praise of God through the consideration of His works, is unsustained by any distinctively Christian thought or sentiment, except in two instances which mention Jesus as having conquered death and gone before us to heaven: and yet even De Wette has shown how Christian feeling may and should tinge the pious contemplation of nature. We smile, too,

* *Expositions of Great Pictures.* By R. H. SMITH, jun. Photographically Illustrated. London: Nisbet and Co.
† *Hymns in Prose for Children.* By Mrs. BARBAULD. Illustrated. London: John Murray.

over the good authoress's opinion that "the very essence of poetry is an elevation of thought and style above the common standard." Poets are proverbial for false theories of poetry, with which their own works are often inconsistent. But what poetry can be thought of as coming from one who has such a conception of its essence?—and Mrs. Barbauld has not been inconsistent with her theory. Let it be admitted, however, that the "varied and picturesque descriptions with which the continuous thread of argument is strung" render the book peculiarly capable of pleasing illustration,—indeed, so much so that, as the present editor says, "few works could be found which challenge the pencil and fancy of the artist in a greater degree." The present effort much more than fulfils its design to "be worthy of the text": for nearly all the illustrations are worthy of the most honoured classic in the language that may be susceptible of similar adornment. Mr. Wimperis's landscapes are generally delightful—erring towards the side of too-much prettiness, with Mr. Birket Foster. But his Village, Twilight, a Sea-piece, a Snow landscape, and a solemn little Night-scene, show him to great advantage. Mr. Kennedy is excellent in delineation of natural objects,—his series of illustrations to the 9th Hymn being enough to make a reputation as an illustrator of books. We especially admire the Thistle and Mallow, the Iris, Reed, and Heath-flower, the Water-lilies and Wallflowers, and the Fir landscape. Mr. Barnes, excelling in figure pieces, has also great merit in his ornamental compositions. Mr. Coleman, the smallest contributor, is, to our mind, less pretty, more truthful, and characteristic, than the others. All the illustrations are engraved to perfection on wood, by Mr. James D. Cooper. Praise is due to all concerned in its production, for one of the most perfect illustrated books that we have ever seen,—certainly the most artistic and elegant ever prepared for children. It may, however, be found that the only readers who will delight in the text, will be unable at once to appreciate the delicate beauty of the pictures. It is well, notwithstanding, that the taste of children should be educated from the first by that which is best in art.

"English Sacred Poetry in the Olden Time,"* is a book that a Christian might delight to give, and a Christian delight to receive. With the exception of one piece from Chaucer, the selection consists of poems from writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Many of the pieces from the writers of the former century will have all the charm of novelty to readers not versed in our older literature. Some of them are not very meritorious in themselves; but derive their chief interest from their authorship. A few are the productions of men whose lives did not express the religious truths and aspirations found in their writings. But even these bear witness of the significance of the Gospel to all men, of the attraction of the Cross, and of the mighty and mysterious powers of the World to come. The contents are of various styles of thought and mood; of feeling; and move between tenderness and sublimity, between delicacy and strength. The biographical particulars prefixed to each extract or series of extracts, are given in the most condensed form, and with taste and judgment. The work, while of single literary and historical character, is both edifying and delightful. The illustrations are numerous; sometimes really artistic, and always pleasing. Mr. Wimperis's style of wood-engraving is elegant; occasionally, however, approaching feebleness rather than force in the rendering of design.

BRIEF NOTICES.

Elements of the Anatomy and Diseases of the Teeth. By H. T. K. KEMPTON, F.R.S. (R. Hardwicke, Piccadilly.) The author, eminent as a dental surgeon, has had two classes of readers in view—the junior student in dentistry, and that portion of the public who desire to know sufficient of the anatomy and diseases of the teeth to guard themselves against the effects of ignorance and neglect. He has not failed in his attempt to be intelligible to those who do not study professionally, and at the same time to give a careful and complete outline of the subject to those who need some preparation for the more elaborate works which alone can enable them to form "an independent opinion upon the physiological and pathological questions which the recent progress of 'medical science has incorporated and rendered a part of dental surgery." He justly condemns the poor and unimportant works which practical dentists have put forth as advertisements of their own skill; and points out that there is everything to be feared from that quackish pretension which assumes the possession of other methods than those which are known to the profession at large. The first part of his work treats of the Anatomy and Physiology of the teeth—their general arrangement, number, and form; their structure and minute anatomy; their relation to the surrounding structures; and their origin and development. The second part treats of the Irregularities and Diseases of the Teeth—including sympathetic affections arising from disease, defective palate, and various sufferings remotely connected with the dental condition. The book is exceedingly well written.—*Outlines of Veterinary Homœopathy.* By JAMES MOORE, M.R.C.V.S. Third edition. (Turner, 77, Fleet-street.) This, being a third edition, needs but to be announced to the patrons of Homœopathic treatment of the diseases of animals. The author is well known, and his work has had a rapid and extensive sale.

* *English Sacred Poetry in the Olden Time.* Collected and Arranged by the Rev. L. B. WHITE, M.A. With superior Wood Engravings by Green, Leitch, Du Manoir, Tenniel, Watson, Wolf, and other artists. London: Religious Trist Society.

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